"ISN'T all this talk about 'trial marriages' absurd?" remarked the widow, laying her newspaper on the tabourette, and depositing two small red kid toes on the edge of the fender.

"It is," agreed the bachelor, cheerfully, with his eyes on the red kid toes, "considering that all marriages are—trials."

"Just fancy," went on the widow, scornfully, ignoring the flippancy, "being leased to a husband or wife for a period of years, like a flat or a yacht or—or——"

"A second-hand piano," suggested the bachelor.

"And knowing," continued the widow, gazing contemplatively into the fire, "that when the lease or the contract or whatever it is, expired, unless the other party cared to renew it, you would be on the market again."

"And probably in need of all sorts of repairs," added the bachelor, reflectively, "in your temper and your complexion and your ideas."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "ten years of married life will rub all the varnish off your manners, and all the color off your illusions and all the finish off your conversation."

"And the hinges of your love-making and your pretty speeches are likely to creak every time you open your mouth," affixed the bachelor, gloomily.

"And you are bound to be old-fashioned," concluded the widow, with conviction, "and to compare badly with brand-new wives and husbands with all the modern improvements. Besides," she continued, thoughtfully, "even if you should be lucky enough to find another—another——"

"Tenant—for your heart?" suggested the bachelor, helpfully.

The widow nodded.

"There would be the agony," she went on, "of getting used to him or her."

"And the torture," added the bachelor, with a faint shudder, "of going through with the wedding ceremony again and of walking up a green and yellow church aisle with a green and yellow feeling and a stiff new coat, and the gaping multitude gazing at you as if you were a new specimen of crocodile or a curio or——"

"It takes nearly all of one lifetime," interrupted the widow, impatiently "to get used to one wife or husband; but, according to the 'trial marriage' idea, just as you had gotten somebody nicely trained into all your little ways and discovered how to manage him——"

"An I to bluff him," interpolated the bachelor.

"And what to have for dinner when you were going to show him the bill for a new hat," proceeded the widow, "and how to keep him at home nights——"

"And to separate him from his money," remarked the bachelor, sarcastically.

"And to make him see things your way," concluded the widow, "it would be time to pack up your trunks and leave. Any two people," she continued, meditatively, "can live together fairly comfortably after they have discovered the path around one another's nerves—the little things not to say and not to do in order to avoid friction, and the little things to say and to do that will oil the matrimonial wheels. But it would take all the 'trial' period to get the domestic machine running, and then——"

"You'd be running after another soul-mate," finished the bachelor, sympathetically.

"Yes." The widow crossed the red kid toes, and then drew them quickly under the ruffles of her skirts as she caught the bachelor staring at them. "And—I've—forgotten what I was going to say," she finished, turning the color of her slippers.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the bachelor, consolingly.

"What!"

"It doesn't matter what you say," explained the bachelor, "it's the way you say it, and——"

"About soul-mates," broke in the widow collecting herself, "there'd always be the chance," she pursued hurriedly, "that you'd have to take a second-hand one."

"Sometimes," remarked the bachelor, blowing a smoke ring and gazing through it at the place where the widow's toes had been, "second-hand goods are more attractive than cheap, new articles. For instance, widow——"

"Oh, widows!" interrupted the widow impatiently, "they're different. They're like heirlooms—only parted with at death. But it would be different with a wife who was relinquished because she wasn't wanted. If anybody is anxious to get rid of something it is a pretty sure sign that it isn't worth having. It's nearly always got a flaw somewhere and it's seldom what it is represented to be. Besides, I've noticed that the woman who can't get along with one husband, usually finds it just as difficult to get along with another."

"There would always be the chance," protested the bachelor, "that you might get the party who had done the discarding."

"And who might want to do it again," objected the widow triumphantly. "Just imagine," she added, irrelevantly, "living with a person whom somebody else had trained."

"Oh, that would have its advantages," declared the bachelor. "A horse broken to harness is always easier to handle."

"Perhaps," agreed the widow, leaning back, and thoughtlessly putting her red kid toes on the fender again, "but when two horses are going to travel together it is always best for them to get used to one another's gait from the first. Don't you look at it that way?"

"Which way?" asked the bachelor, squinting at the fender with his head on the side.

"Fancy," said the widow, not noticing the deflection, "marrying a man who had been encouraged to take an interest in the household affairs, and having him following you about picking up things after you; or one, whose first wife had trained him to sit by the fire in the evening, and whom it took a derrick to get to the theater or a dinner party; or one who had been permitted to smoke a pipe and put his feet all over the furniture and growl about the meals and boss the cook!"

"Or to a wife," interpolated the bachelor, "who had always handled the funds and monopolized the conversation, and chosen her husband's collars, and who threw all her past husbands at you every time you did something she wasn't used to or objected to something she was used to."

"Yes," agreed the widow, with a little shiver, "what horrid things two people could say to one another."

"Such as, 'Just wait until the lease is up!'" suggested the bachelor.

The widow nodded.

"Or, 'The next time I marry, I'll be careful not to take anybody with red hair,' or, 'Thank goodness, it won't last forever!'" she added.

"That's the beauty of it!" broke in the bachelor, enthusiastically. "It wouldn't last forever! And the knowledge that it wouldn't would be such an anesthetic."

"Such a what?" the widow sat up so suddenly that both toes slipped from the fender and her heels landed indignantly on the floor.

"It would be the lump of sugar," explained the bachelor, "that would take away the bitter taste and make you able to swallow all the trials more easily. It's the feeling that a painful operation won't last long that makes it possible to grin and bear it. Besides, it would do away with all sorts of crimes, like divorce and wife murder and ground glass in the coffee. Knowing that the marriage was only temporary, and that we were only sort of house-party guests, might make us more polite and agreeable and entertaining, so as to leave a good impression behind us."

"Or to get invited to stay longer," remarked the widow cynically.

The bachelor nodded cheerfully.

"That's it," he agreed, pulling comfortably on his cigar. "We always take better care of borrowed articles than of those that belong to us, anyhow, and that we can treat as we please. Having gotten a charming wife or a satisfactory husband, the very thought that the desirable person could terminate the affair and escape us when the contract run out would make us more considerate of them and more anxious to please and less liable to nag or to bully. A woman wouldn't take the risk of appearing at breakfast in curl papers or indulging in tantrums, and a man would think twice before he refused his wife money, or stayed downtown with the boys nights."

"I do believe," cried the widow, sitting up straight and looking at the bachelor accusingly, "that you're arguing in favor of 'trial marriage.'"

"I'm not arguing in favor of marriage at all," protested the bachelor plaintively. "But marriage for life is like putting the whole dinner on the table at once. It takes away our appetite. Marrying on trial would be more like serving it in courses."

"That might be all right," agreed the widow, doubtfully, "if—there weren't too many courses. Too many marriages would give you mental indigestion."

"And sentimental dyspepsia," agreed the bachelor, reflectively; "but it would give you a variety, too," he added hopefully.

"And changing the course would be such a strain," declared the widow. "Why, when the contract was up how would you know how to divide things—the children and——"

"The dog and the cat."

"And all the little mementos you had collected together, and the things you had shared in common and the favorite armchair, and the things you had grown used to and fond of——"

"Oh, well, in that case," remarked the bachelor, "you might have grown so used to and fond of one another that when it came to the parting of the ways, you would not want to part them. After all," he went on, soberly, "if trial marriages were put into effect, they would end nine times out of ten in good old-fashioned matrimony. A man can get as accustomed to woman as he does to a pipe or a chair——"

"What!"

"And a woman," pursued the bachelor, "can become as attached to a man and as fond of him as she is of an old umbrella or a pair of old shoes that have done good service. No matter how battered or worn they may become, nor how many breaks there are in them, we can never find anything to quite take their place. Matrimony, after all, is just a habit; and husbands and wives become habits—habits that, however disagreeable they may be, we don't want to part with. 'Trial marriages,' even if they should be tried, wouldn't alter things much. As long as two people can stand one another they will cling together, anyhow, and if they can't they won't anyhow; and whether it's a run-out lease or a divorce or prussic acid that separates them doesn't make much difference. Custom, not the wedding certificate, is the tie that binds most of us. The savage doesn't need any laws to hold him to the woman of his choice. Habit does it; and if habit doesn't the woman will!"

The widow sighed and leaned back in her chair.

"I suppose so," she said, "but it seems dreadfully dreary."

"What seems dreadfully dreary?" inquired the bachelor.

"Matrimony," replied the widow solemnly. "It is like those old chairs and pipes and shoes and things you were speaking of; it's full of holes and breaks and bare spots, and it won't always work—but there's nothing that will quite take the place of it."

"Nothing," said the bachelor promptly. "That's why I want to——"

The widow rose quickly and shook out her skirts.

"Now, don't begin that, Billy," she said, trying to be severe; "you're too old."

"Oh, well, I'm still in good repair," protested the bachelor.

The widow shook her head.

"All the varnish is worn off your ideals," she objected, "and the hinges of your enthusiasm creak and you've got a bare spot on the top of your head——"

"But I've most of the modern improvements," broke in the bachelor, desperately, "and I'm not second-hand, anyway!"

"No," said the widow, looking him over critically, "you're shop-worn. But, originally, you were an atractive article, and you've genuine and good style and well preserved, and if——"

"Well?" The bachelor looked up expectantly.

"If there were such a thing as 'trial marriages'——" The widow hesitated again.

"You'd give me a trial?" asked the bachelor eagerly.

"Oh," said the widow, studying the toes of her red kid slippers, "it wouldn't be—such a trial."

An Unpopular Candidate.

From Harper's Weekly.

"Thru" is not running well on the simplified ticket.

ADVENTURES IN BALLOONING.

Dr. Julian Thomas Tells Some of His Thrilling Midair Experiences.

Dr. Julian P. Thomas, the noted aeronant, tells of some thrilling adventures in ballooning in the December World's Work. On one occasion, he says, raising suddenly through a stratum of clouds 10,000 feet high in the air into brilliant sunshine, the gas dilated. I let out a little. Down we dropped into a cold air current. The immediate condensation of the gas dropped us back into the cloud layer, which condensed the gas still more and accelerated the drop. We came out directly above a stretch of woods over which lay another cool belt. By this time we were falling like a rock. We were going so fast that the bagfuls of sand we threw out went up instead of down. Hastily we drew out the drag-rope, the anchor, the lunch basket—to little purpose. We struck the trees with a terrific crash, but escaped, however, with nothing worse than a shaking-up and a few bruises.

The most exciting trip I ever made was a record-breaking voyage that began one Sunday evening. The weather was not propitious, but we cast off. We sailed across the Hudson River to New Jersey, and plunged into a cloud. After traveling twenty miles, I descended to drop a note to my wife assuring her of our safety. Again we shot into a cloud. Presently we drifted over a village and, with that exaltation that accompanies the sensation of floating in the air, enjoyed to a strange degree the music of church bells drifting up from below. Before we were aware straight into the bulging front of a huge approaching thundercloud. It seemed to open and swallow us into a pit of gloom, and simultaneously into the heart of the wildest thunderstorm I think I have ever seen. The clouds rolled and tossed and twisted. The balloon would now be forced down, then tossed up, and again spun swiftly about like a top. We lost all sense of direction. Thunder was crashing and rolling and crackling all around us. Lightning flashed, not in forked zigzags, but in great flashes of fire. It was frightful. We did not want to descend, but presently we heard the unmistakable sound of water not far away. Letting out a little gas, we shot downward. Faster we dropped, and faster. Land was below us. The problem was to land in the high wind without damage. I let out more gas. We landed in a tree-top with a jar that fixed the basket so firmly in a crotch that it could not be dislodged by the wind, for now we had dropped below the storm.

BUSY IZZY COMES BACK.

Once in Orphan Asylum, He Now Sports Diamonds and an Auto.

From the New York Herald.

Like a gust of wintry wind, a youth went through the double doors and was stayed momentarily by the iron railing which bisects the Childrens' Court. He was swathed in a heavy fur overcoat, and about him hung the subtle odors of musk and gasoline. The visitor hitched a carat diamond into view on his scarlet necktie and smiled.

"Helo, Sarge," he said blithely, "Howdy, Rounds. Like to see the judge a minute. Howdy, Judge. Remember me?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied Magistrate Olmstead.

"Didn't think you would," was the reply. "I'm Busy Izzy—Isidore Yablonsky."

"What can we do for you, Mr. Yablonsky?" asked the magistrate. "Your face is rather familiar. Your address is unquestionably so."

"Judge, I was in this court four years ago, and you sent me to the Juvenile Orphan Asylum. Stepmother got mad because I acted in Miner's Theater, and for me the child wagon. Got out a year ago, and am making my own living as a chauffeur, but she is knocking me again by telling the old man—excuse me, my employer—that I was only sixteen. I'd like to record a flash on him, understand. I wouldn't bother you, judge, on the level, but I'm going to get a fortune when I'm twenty-one. I'm supposed to be nineteen now, and she wants to hang on to the mazunas as long as she can and keep down me age. Being a man of family——"

"You don't mean to say that you are married?"

"Sure," was the reply. "Wife and child, your honor. Ran away from the asylum three years ago and was hooked up before they got me again. And judge, we're doing fine.

The records reveal that Isidore Yablonsky was fifteen years old on November 29, 1902, when he was arraigned in the Childrens' Court as incorrigible. After obtaining the necessary documents Isidore distributed large cigars to all present and then vanished in his automobile.

DALNY'S COMMERCE.

Many Traders Flocking to the Newly Opened Manchurian Port.

From Daily Consular Reports.

Consul J. E. Jones, of Dalny, reports that great commercial activity is manifest in all parts of Manchuria. His letter says:

"Dalny, with its superb harbor facilities and railroad leading to the northern provinces, is developing rapidly into a commercial city of no mean importance, and merchandise is coming direct from many ports. The British-American Tobacco Company was the first of the foreign firms to enter the Manchurian market as soon as the city of Dalny was declared an open port, and promptly entered into competition with the Japanese tobacco monopoly. It has succeeded in forcing the price of Japanese cigarettes down to about half of what they sell for in Japan, and are sending agents throughout Manchuria with the evident purpose of capturing the trade. Even in the Japanese bazaars, in fact in the one operated by the government itself, other cigarettes than those made in Japan are on sale, and there is already quite a demand for them.

"The United States is supplying practically all the flour used in Manchuria. Each steamer brings thousands of bags. The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, a prominent Japanese concern, is the agent for a large Pacific Slope flour concern, and the product of these mills is being rushed into the interior. The Manchus are great users of flour, and the product from the United States is best adapted for their uses. It has the glutinous qualifications which is necessary in the making of macaroni, which forms one of the principal diets of the Manchurians."

Separate Dining Hours for Negroes.

From the Railway World.

Negroes cannot be barred from dining cars when traveling on first class tickets when stops are not made at meal stations for meals, but to overcome the prejudice against their presence there Judge Triebler, has decided in the United States Circuit Court, at Little Rock, that separate hours for whites and blacks may be established. The decision was rendered in the case of Mrs. W. H. Haley, a negress, who was refused a meal on a St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern dining car, while a passenger on a first class ticket between St. Louis and Little Rock. Judge Triebler declared that the duty of railroads to keep their passengers safe from injury would permit them to establish separate dining rooms for the races, on the ground of trying to avert race conflicts, in which injury or death might result.

ROSE TO OPPORTUNITY

Good Reasons for Success of George B. Cortelyou.

EQUAL TO ALL EMERGENCIES

Adequate Is the Word Which Describes His Qualifications for High Position—Incidents Showing His Readiness to Accept Responsibility and His Talent for Organization.

The transfer of Secretary Cortelyou to the Treasury portfolio, after his effective service as Postmaster-General, has set some of the old-timers to rubbing their eyes and inquiring what special qualifications this young man, still in the early forties, is supposed to have for a post which has been filled by some of the ablest financiers of our history. But in this day and generation qualifications are more a matter of ability than of experience, and the man who has the executive genius can get other people who have the experience. In short, a Secretary of the Treasury need not be a banker, any more than a Secretary of the Navy need be an admiral, a Secretary of War a soldier, or an able and brilliant Postmaster-General an ex-country postmaster.

Mr. Cortelyou is an adequate man. That is the word which describes him politically, socially, and personally. He is always equal to an emergency.

It was in the days following the assassination of President McKinley that the country began to see what Mr. Cortelyou really was. Suddenly as the crack of a pistol he was called upon to meet, without warning or assistance, an emergency more terrible than any that has confronted an American of this generation. He had to bear the whole responsibility in a hundred important matters where wise decision was imperative, and he did it all so quietly, so well, that the shocked and sorrowing people of the land saw his extraordinary executive ability as never before.

Made an Important Decision.

An incident which was not brought to the knowledge of the public until long afterward, was his decision at a critical point in the President's illness. It became a question whether or not an operation should be performed. The operation might possibly save the life of the man for whom the whole country was praying, or—it might not. Mr. Cortelyou had to decide. He recalled, with that singular faculty for detail which is one of his strongest traits, a case very similar to that of the President, in which the operation was necessary, and was performed, and saved the patient's life. He gave the word, and the surgeons performed their work. Events proved that nothing could have averted the result of the tragedy at Buffalo; but the incident shows that Mr. Cortelyou is a man who neither seeks nor shifts responsibilities—but who is equal to it when it is thrown upon him.

When it became necessary to select a chairman for the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1904, President Roosevelt chose Cortelyou, then Secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. He did it against the violent protests of some of his friends, who thought the work should be done by a man more active in politics. But the President wanted to secure two things in the chief of his committee: executive ability and scrupulous integrity. He wanted to win, and win honestly. Neither he nor any one else at the time foresaw the phenomenal landslide which was to amaze the country; both he and Cortelyou fully expected to have a fight on their hands.

Organized Like a Corporation.

The committee was carefully organized. Every man on it was picked for special qualifications. It was noted by the public with some surprise that few, if any, were politicians in the ordinary sense of the word. People said that the offices looked more like those of a big corporation than a political campaign. Everything was done with the most business-like system and regularity. Card catalogues replaced spellbinders; stenographers were more in evidence than wire-pullers. Coming out of the place one day, two men made significant comments.

"Not much like old times," said one.

"No," said the other, "different crowd of men entirely."

"I'd like to know what those fellows are after," went on the first. 'I suppose there must be a graft somewhere, but I don't see where it comes in."

It was a curious commentary on our political history.

As a matter of fact, the men who did the work of the committee—a smaller working force, at smaller salaries, than in any campaign of recent years—were of the new type of political workers for the most part. They were in the fight for clean government as they saw it. There was hardly a man of them who could not have made more money elsewhere. Some were on leave of absence from jobs which paid more than their campaign salaries. Few were actuated by political ambitions. The enthusiasm among them was quiet but genuine. They worked hard, and every stroke of work told.

Knows How to Pick Men.

One secret of Cortelyou's success is that he knows how to pick men. He does not atempt to look after details himself; he chooses a competent man and makes him responsible. He scarcely visited the offices of his subordinates during the campaign, and men were working for him who would not have known him by sight if they had not seen his pictures. He chose lieutenants whom he could trust, and then he trusted them to the limit.

The public quite failed to realize the far-reaching and careful work which was done during the earliest weeks of that campaign—work which took account of every possible voter in every part of the country. Two instances will perhaps show the methods by which this was accomplished.

A young college man was put in charge of work among the colleges; Republican clubs being formed in institutions throughout the country, composed of men who were casting their first vote. They were urged to allow nothing to interfere with going home to vote. The result was a great awakening of enthusiasm for Roosevelt, among men who were likely to influence others.

Another incident shows the chairman's ability to recognize a good method suggested by somebody else. An old Hebrew came to him early in the summer and asked if he wanted to know how to secure the Jewish vote. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said:

Appealing to Foreign Vote.

"Do not make your appeal to the Jewish voter as a Jew, but as a patriot. Arouse his enthusiasm for right government. The Jew is not different from other men, except in his religion, and he doesn't care to discuss that. But his love of country is very strong."

Mr. Cortelyou took the hint. He made his appeal on that ground, and the result was an East Side Hebrew vote for Roosevelt, which the opposition managers are still wondering about.

Translators of foreign birth were employed to translate campaign literature into every language spoken in New York. Newspapers in Yiddish, Greek, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Croatian, Scandinavian, and Syrian, containing Republican cartoons and editorials, were received daily at headquarters. Mr. Cortelyou treated voters not as hyphenated Americans, but as Americans. All this did not take a great amount of money as campaign money goes, but it took a systematic business head, and the head was Cortelyou's.

News came in during October of an Irish-American Republican Club in a Connecticut town, composed of young men whose fathers had voted the Democratic ticket all their lives.

Thus Cortelyou's personality impressed itself on every detail of the campaign. Near the end of it something happened, which proved in a somewhat striking way the loyalty of the little force to its chief. Somebody suggested taking a subscription for a memento of the campaign, to be presented to Mr. Cortelyou just before election. Everybody, from the men high in council to the very sweepers of the offices, contributed something, and the snowball rolled rapidly up until it amounted to over $400—not bad for a working force of little more than a hundred. The gift selected was a Tiffany bronze representing the farewell of Orpheus to Eurydice.

A Notable Scene.

Word went round one Saturday afternoon that the presentation would take place in the office of the chief at 3 o'clock. No one who was in that crowd of loyal and friendly co-workers will ever forget it. There were men who had known him for all his official life, and men who had never seen him before; young men and old; girls who had been folding and sending out the daily bulletins; keen-eyed newspaper men; square-shouldered, businesslike department heads; and in a little bunch in one corner were the foreign-born writers and speakers who had been translating Roosevelt literature and making speeches in every language under heaven. It was the first time the force had been all together since the campaign began.

Mr. Cortelyou expressed his thanks as quietly, as effectively, as he had done other things. But when he said, with a deeper note in his voice more effective than any trick of oratory, "And if we win—and we shall win—we shall know that it is a fairly won and honorable victory"—then there was a spontaneous burst of applause, and they cheered again and again the man who had not only their loyal service, but their faith and their admiration.

It was characteristic of Mr. Cortelyou that only the briefest mention of this incident was allowed to get into print, and that he would not allow the bronze to be photographed for publication.

When the result of the election was definitely known, President Roosevelt sent a telegram to young Cortelyou, a boy at school, to the effect that his father had won the Republican victory. The proudest boy in school, if not in the United States that night, was undoubtedly the recipient of that message.

BILL BOARD ADVERTISING.

Washington's Proposed Regulation Commended.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is evident that Washington is to be in many ways a model to the whole country in matters of civic improvement. "The City of Magnificent Distances" used to be a joke; everyone now sees that those who laid out the streets were wise and farsighted. The completion of the plans for the Capital City will be a constant lesson in the superiority of group construction to haphazard building, and the splendid success of the larger plans has had the inevitable effect of stimulating an equal regard for details.

What model laws Washington has for the regulation of the height of buildings so as to safeguard the abundant air and sunshine provided by its generous ground plan was brought out at a recent hearing in this city. And now, as was recently noted, Congress is to be asked for a law eliminating pictures from the bill boards within the city. No doubt pictorial art in advertising is legitimate, but experience has shown that it is very difficult to regulate. The theatrical agent with his blood-curdling scenes from melodrama and his risque costumes from burlesque, the manufacturers of corsets, underclothing, and hosiery, and the patent medicine vender are all intrusive in their claims, and it would need an army of censors to keep pictorial advertising art within proper limits.

The simple and satisfactory way, since high art cannnot be attained, is to rule out pictorial advertising, and keep the statement in plain English of what is for sale. It will better the appearance of the city, and if all are treated alike it need not hurt the advertisers. * * * The Washington example will go far, because every town in the country is in close relations with the National Capital.

AS TO OWNERSHIP OF IDEAS.

Why Writers Refuse to Read Manuscripts Submitted to Them.

From the Bookman.

A good many of our most popular story tellers make it a point to refuse positively to read manuscripts of novels that are sent to them for suggestion and criticism. They are moved to this stand not only on account of the time involved in this labor, but also through reasons of precaution. They have learned that the average untried writer has usually comparatively little understanding of the fact that the general contrivances of action are and have been for centuries the property of all mankind. Consequently, the novelist who reads a manuscript must ever after avoid in his own books the remotest suggestion of a scene or idea contained in the beginner's work or else be boldly charged with the appropriation of another's property.

Apropos of this subject, an experience in the career of our late contemporary, the critic, may be interesting. We suppose that no idea in connection with magazines and newspapers is more generally common property than that of a department devoted to answers to correspondents. Under some form or another it may be traced back almost to the infancy of periodical journalism. Yet as something startlingly new, one person wrote to the editor of the Critic suggesting the establishment of such a department. A year or two later the magazine found it expedient to devote a few pages to answering questions, whereupon came a most truculent letter charging the theft of an original idea and demanding a considerable sum in payment.

Use of Profane Language.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unless something is done to check the evil Americans must soon become known as the most foul-mouthed persons on earth. It will first be necessary to determine the cause of the use of profane language before any real cure can be applied. One cause is undoubtedly the lack of a sufficient vocabulary to express one's thoughts, or what he conceives to be his thoughts. It was this faulty vocabulary that induces females to describe as "awful" things entirely disassociated with any feeling of awe and as "funny" that which is merely odd. The male, with his greater freedom of speech, uses an oath to express the same idea, which is not an idea, but merely a futile attempt to express that which is not conceived and which consequently can not be adequately expressed.

Reassured.

From the Bohemian.

"Did you hear that noise? What can it be?" demanded the janitor of the fashionable apartment house.

His wife went out into the hall and returned. "It was nothing but a rat," she said.

"Ah," sighed the janitor, greatly relieved. "I thought it was a child."